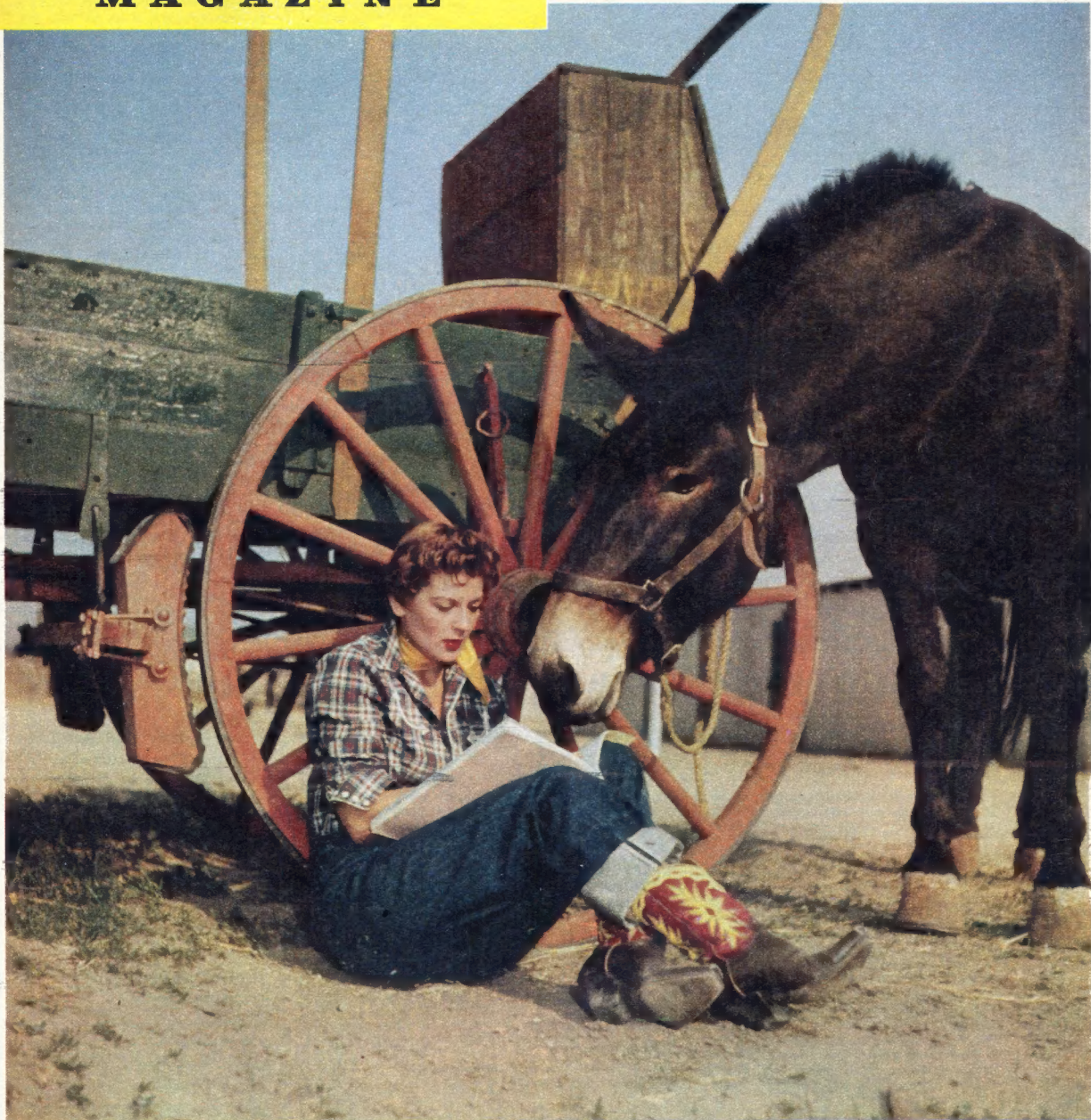


This Week

MAGAZINE

Minneapolis Sunday Tribune

MAGAZINE SECTION • MARCH 7 1954



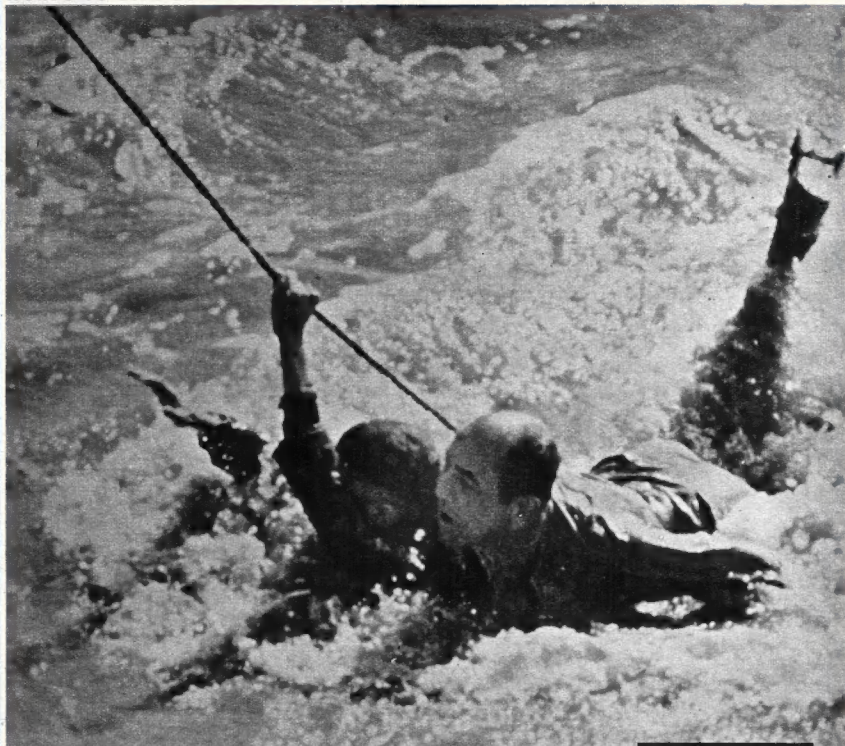
TV FOLK: LUCILLE BARKLEY AND BEULAH THE NUZZLER IN DEATH VALLEY. SEE PAGE 8

On Page 12 See Preview of Dr. Arnold Gesell's great new study:

HOW TO UNDERSTAND A TEEN-AGER



DR. GESELL



RESCUE: Joseph Corso forgot about fear and saved an 11-year-old boy from drowning...

YOUR SECRET COURAGE

by Lydel Sims

Columnist, "The Commercial Appeal," Memphis, Tenn.

We usually find ourselves a great deal braver and better than we thought.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



The author

THUS, in his gay account of "An Inland Voyage," does Stevenson give the lie to the worries, self-doubts and anxieties that weaken us before we are tested.

"I believe," he continues, "that this is every one's experience; but an apprehension that they may belie themselves in the future prevents mankind from trumpeting this cheerful sentiment abroad."

In more than 15 years as a reporter, I have seen Stevenson's bold faith confirmed time and again. The deserted wife who not only found a way to care for seven young children but took in a destitute stranger as well... the 10-year-old farm girl who dragged her baby brother into a feed crib to save

him from a tornado that killed their parents... the businessman who risked his economic future to speak out for a political principle... all these, and hundreds-like them, found when the crisis came that they were a great deal braver than they thought.

Yet all too often fear of the future makes us turn aside from the great challenges, retreat from the shining opportunities. Only when fate forces our hands do we learn our true worth. And, mistaking fear for prudence, we pass on to our juniors such timid warnings that they, too, grow to mistrust their strength.

What would serve them—and us—far better is what Stevenson tells us he needed when he was younger:

"... Some one to put me in a good heart about life... to tell me how dangers are most portentous on a distant sight; and how the good in a man's spirit will not suffer itself to be overlaid, and rarely or never deserts him in the hour of need."

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Sidelines

DIPLOMAT. We envy those articulate people who can always come up with the perfect answer on the spur of the moment. Our favorite example is a professor who taught singing only to advanced pupils. Once he was approached by a wealthy widow who was certain that money could buy her both lessons and praise. After she had finished a song she gushed, "Now, professor, do tell me just what you think of my voice!"

"Madam," he said gravely, "if you possessed in the upper register what you lack in the lower, your career would be assured."

CUSTOM MADE. Somehow, in this price-conscious era of high feminine fashion, we were refreshed by the following letter from an Ontario mother: "Our neighbor's daughter, four years old, came to our house to display her latest dress from a fancy New York store. My little daughter (4½ years) who has always worn her mother's sewing, inquired 'Did your Mommy make it—or is it just a bought one?'"

TO SPEED DEMONS. "I am the kind of cop you don't like. I'm tough. I don't smile at you. When it comes to excuses, I rarely give you a break. And yet you pay me my salary—makes you mad, doesn't it? Well, brother, no matter how mad you are, I'm madder."

These are the words of a state highway patrolman who tells, in next week's issue, exactly what he thinks about reckless drivers. His eloquent article, "Why I Am a Tough Cop," probably will shock you. He hopes it does!

Also next week: "Double Standard in Actions," by Leslie Lieber; "She'll Save You Money," by Walter Ross; "What Makes you Cough?" by Jack Harrison Pollack, and, for sports fans, "Magician With A Basketball," an article by Robert H. Shoemaker about Bob Cousy, sensational star of the Boston Celtics.

—THE EDITORS

This Week

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE

WILLIAM I. NICHOLS, Editor

Editorial offices: 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York

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Cover by Dan Ornit

Names and descriptions of all characters in fiction stories and semi-fiction articles in this magazine are wholly imaginary. Any name which happens to be the same as that of any person, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. The title "This Week" is registered in the U.S. Patent Office.

FOR A BETTER AMERICA

No Baking Failures with Gold Medal Flour

When home-testers tried my newest one-dish dinner—

Dutch Pantry Pie!

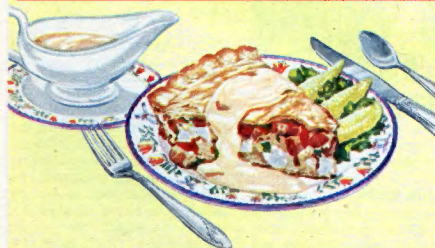


Betty Crocker
OF GENERAL MILLS

"Hope you'll love this tasty meat-n-potatoes pie as much as my home-testers did. They gave the pie crust special praise for baking so flaky and crisp. Not one bit soggy. Not one pie crust failure! It surely pays to bake with Gold Medal—the only "Kitchen-tested" brand!"



Betty Crocker's hearty meat-pie dinner...flaky, flaky pie crust made with Gold Medal Flour



"Dutch Pantry Pie is full of flavory meat, potatoes and cheese—blended with creamy sauce. And the flaky-crisp crust is Gold Medal perfection. Serves 6 heartily...for a few pennies a portion!"

EASY STIR-N-ROLL PASTRY for 9" two-crust pie

- 2 cups sifted GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1/2 cup WESSON OIL
- 2 tablespoons undiluted CARNATION Evaporated Milk
- 2 tablespoons water



Mix flour and salt. Measure oil, milk and water in same cup (but don't stir). Pour all at once into flour; stir until mixed. Press into smooth ball. Cut in halves; flatten slightly. Place one half between 2 sheets of waxed paper, 12" square. Roll out gently to edges of paper. (Dampen table top to prevent slipping.) Peel off top paper. If dough tears, mend without moistening. Lift paper and pastry by top corners. Place paper-side-up in 9" pie pan. Peel off paper. Fit pastry into pan. Roll out top crust same way.

*If you use GOLD MEDAL Self-Rising Flour, omit salt in pastry.

CARNATION SAUCE: Heat together 1 can undiluted soup (mushroom, tomato, chicken or celery) and 1/2 cup undiluted CARNATION Evaporated Milk.

MEAT-HEARTY FILLING with creamy-smooth sauce

- 4 slices American cheese (1/4 lb.), cubed
- 1 cup undiluted CARNATION Evaporated Milk
- 2 cups chopped cooked potatoes
- 1/4 cup chopped green onions and tops (or use dry onion)
- 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper or pimiento, if desired
- 1/4 to 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 can SPAM, cubed



Heat oven to 425° (hot). Melt cheese in CARNATION Evaporated Milk, stirring constantly. Mix with all remaining ingredients except SPAM. Spread in pastry-lined pan. (Pastry recipe at left.) Top with cubed SPAM. Trim bottom crust. Place top crust over, gently peel off paper. Turn upper crust under lower crust and seal by pressing edges together. Flute. Make 3 or 4 slashes near center. Bake 35 to 40 minutes. Serve hot, with CARNATION Sauce. Makes 6 to 8 servings.



Many products can mask the odor of "morning mouth"—for a while. But Chlorodont Toothpaste really gets rid of it

Smart girls don't mask "morning mouth" —they get rid of it with Chlorodont

Don't get us wrong, please.

None of us would *really* use a diver's helmet to mask "morning mouth," would we?

Yet we all know "morning mouth," that disagreeable taste that most of us wake up with is a sure sign of objectionable mouth odor. And nobody wants to offend others with it during the day.

The best way to get rid of "morning mouth" is to use Chlorodont. There's not just a pinch of chlorophyll in this toothpaste, but enough to stop "morning mouth" cold.



Stop morning mouth—
enjoy that wonderful, clean, fresh
Chlorodont feeling!



Contains water-soluble chlorophyll

Your own proof is that wonderful, clean fresh feeling Chlorodont Toothpaste leaves in your mouth!

But that's not all. Chlorodont's formula has a polishing agent that really cleans and brightens your teeth. It's so different the U. S. Government issued us a patent on it. Nobody else can use it.

Why not use Chlorodont at our risk? We're so confident that you'll love the wonderful, clean, fresh feeling Chlorodont leaves in your mouth that we'll send you your money back if you don't find it passes your test. Fair enough?



REMEMBER THE CRASH?



Bennett Cerf

I KNOW there's a sizable recession already upon us or at least just around the corner, because financial writers and political pundits keep telling me about it. I've just traveled from one end of the country to the other, however, and I must say I saw nary a sign of it myself.

Houses are gleaming white with new coats of paint; farms look tidy and prosperous; planes, trains and hotels are loaded to the brim; people are driving fine new automobiles. What's more, virtually every businessman with whom I talked is happy, confident and full of ideas for the future.

I think that "recession" is taking place for the most part in newspaper headlines.

1932 — NOW, that was a recession! The memories are still too painful to probe — particularly to anybody who had common stocks in his portfolio at the time — but I do like to recall the crusty old Wall Street man who was dolefully reading about the latest drop in prices when his little boy tugged on his sleeve and reminded him, "You promised to buy me a toy railroad set."

The father assured him solemnly, "If you'll wait just a



1932 — Toy train for Junior

few days longer, I'll give you the whole New York Central."

THOSE WERE the times when advertisements grew so scarce that great national monthly and weekly magazines shrank from the pre-depression average of 250 pages to a mere shade of themselves.

One suburbanite in Ohio who stubbornly had maintained that the gloom was unwarranted finally admitted to his wife that things had gone to pot. "What has

convinced you at last?" she asked. "A mild gust of wind," he told her sadly, "just blew our 'Saturday Evening Post' off the front porch."

THEY TELL of one poor fellow who was carted to the hospital with a severe case of Radio Corporation of the stomach, Electric Bond and Share of the brain, and International Combustion of the



BIG Wall St. operation

nervous system. The doctors discovered that his blood pressure had gone over 200 so they split him three for one.

Bad times played havoc with box-office receipts of even the biggest hits in the theater. Manager Sam Harris grew so despondent over the reports that were wired him every night from the road manager of one of his touring attractions, that he gave instructions to pad each report by \$300. "In my heart I'll know they're wrong," he reasoned, "but at least they'll make better reading."

They did, too — until one day the wire announced, "Theater burned down in Pottsville today. No performance. Receipts: \$300."

THE LAST STRAW. In Texas, of course, happy days not only are here again — they've never left. To show you how things work down there, one man not only has a prize herd of 10,000 cattle, but a few weeks ago they started spouting oil.

A big operator was entertaining a famous crooner in his suite at a Houston hotel when he felt the urge to hear a bit of melody. "But there's no piano," the crooner pointed out. "We'll fix that," scoffed the operator.

He picked up the phone, asked for room service, and demanded, "Send up some ice, a grand piano and a six-piece orchestra." And by golly, they did.

— BENNETT CERF

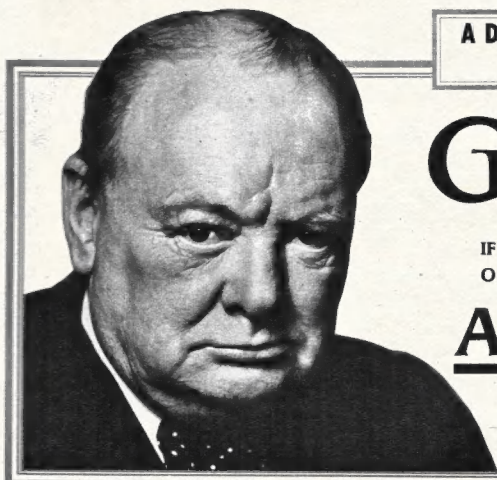
A DRAMATIC DEMONSTRATION OF THE BOOK-DIVIDEND SYSTEM
OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

Given to you...

IF YOU JOIN THE CLUB NOW AND AGREE TO BUY SIX BOOKS—
OF YOUR CHOICE—DURING THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS

ALL SIX VOLUMES

The Second World War by Winston Churchill



© Marsh, Ottawa

FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE these six great books will be a possession you will be proud to have acquired, as a memento of your own part, however humble, in this great epoch of human history. The complete set is offered in this Trial Membership to demonstrate three things about the Book-of-the-Month Club, important to every book-reading family.

★ **FIRST:** that as a member of the Club you are kept from missing the important books you want to read. For example, all six of these Churchill books were regular Club selections.

★ **SECOND:** that you get such books from the Club at a considerable saving. For example, the regular retail price for each of these Churchill volumes is \$6.00; the price to Club members is only \$4.00. Last year, on the average, the price paid by Club members for Selections was 27% less than the retail price.

★ **THIRD:** that, on top of this, you share in approximately \$1,000,000 worth of books each month, distributed free to members as Book-Dividends. These six Churchill volumes may be considered "advanced" Book-Dividends, earned by the purchase of the six books you engage yourself to buy later.

CONDITIONS OF THIS OFFER

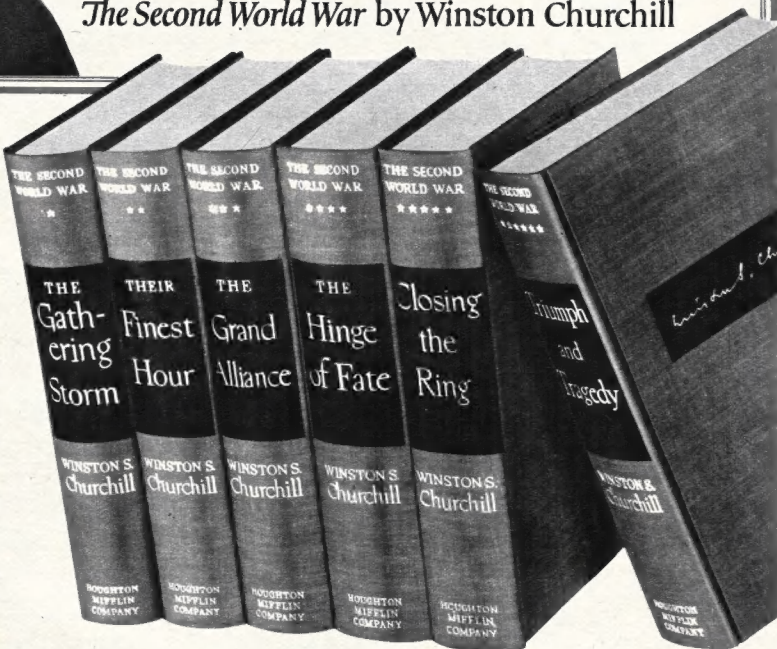
★ **YOU AGREE TO BUY AS FEW AS SIX BOOKS** within your first year of membership from among the Club's Selections and Special Members' Editions. During the year at least 100 good books will be made available to you, from which you may choose. You receive a careful advance description of each selection and if you think it is a book you would not enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may say: "Send me nothing."

★ **YOU WILL RECEIVE ALL SIX VOLUMES OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR AT ONCE.** They will be sent with the first book you order from the Club. For a list of good books from which you can choose your first selection, please see coupon at right.

★ **AFTER BUYING SIX BOOKS**—and as long as you remain a member—you will receive a Book-Dividend with every second book you buy—a beautiful or useful library volume. This member profit-sharing is similar to what happens in any consumer co-operative. A fixed percentage of what each member pays is set aside in a special fund. This is finally invested in enormous editions of other books, each of which is a Book-Dividend sent free to members.

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NOTE TO PRESENT MEMBERS: If you would like to obtain these six volumes under the Club's regular Book-Dividend system, write for information as to how this may be arranged



[THE RETAIL VALUE OF THESE SIX BOOKS IF BOUGHT SEPARATELY WOULD BE \$36]

BEGIN YOUR MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THE GOOD BOOKS LISTED BELOW

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME

- ☐ CRESS DELAHANTY by Jessamyn West \$3.75
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- ☐ THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS by Charles A. Lindbergh Price (to members only) \$3.95
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345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

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JUNE ALLYSON co-starring in "THE GLENN MILLER STORY" A Universal-International picture COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



The most *Charming* complexions in Hollywood,
like June Allyson's, are cared for with Lux Toilet Soap

June tells us she's used Lux Toilet Soap ever since she was on the Broadway stage, at age fourteen.

When she came to Hollywood, she found she was in pretty good company. She found that 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use it regularly.

Maybe you didn't get such a youthful start with

Lux Toilet Soap, but there's no time like right now to find out why the Hollywood stars believe in it so. And—you can have your money back if you aren't just as pleased with Lux Soap as the stars are.

Incidentally, you can see Hollywood stars on the Lux Video Theatre every Thursday evening.





TAX CHISELERS, BEWARE!

Are you outraged at rumors that certain sharp citizens have been getting away with murder on their income taxes? Relax. Just read this fascinating story of how even the smartest schemers get caught

By Mort Weisinger

Not long ago a rookie agent at the Internal Revenue Service proposed what he considered a sure-fire way to trip income-tax-cheats — lie-detector tests. After the suggestion had been turned down, a veteran revenueur took the apprentice agent aside and told him: "Son, not only is your recommendation extra-legal, it isn't even necessary. Stick around here and you'll see how we hang the tax crooks. They tie their own noose. All we do is spring the trap!"

There was plenty of truth in the veteran agent's observation. Today's tax-dodgers are a slippery, wily "wise-money" crop. Because they know that the government considers more than 97 per cent of all taxpayers to be honest, this larcenous fringe hides behind the skirts of these statistics. Uncle Sam's trust is the very thing that makes him vulnerable to their chicanery, they think. But even more astonishing than the sly methods tried by these evaders is the way the collector usually gets the last laugh. This he manages without benefit of truth serum, wire tap or Superman's X-ray vision.

True, the Service is not infallible, but the great bulk of the important evaders get caught. There are not enough collectors around to see all and hear all — but there are enough of them to keep the taxpayers on their toes. The

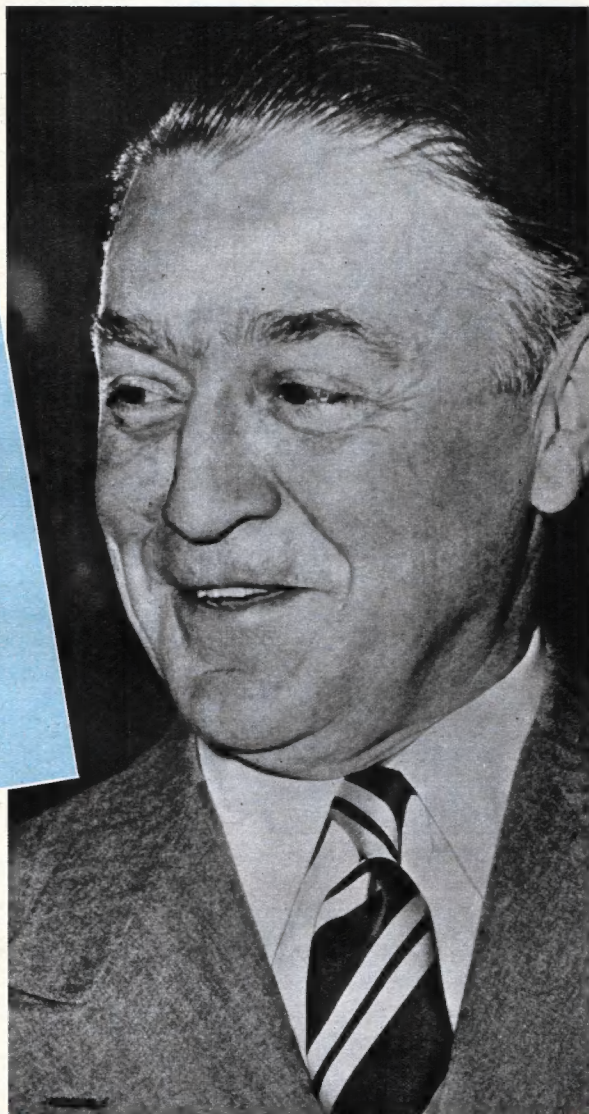
case histories described in this article, supplied by agents and tax attorneys in New York and Washington, prove conclusively that the long-shot odds against discovery which tempt the tax-cheats are constantly shrinking.

Take the case of "Airline" Al, a New York businessman. A dozen times a year he would purchase round-trip flights to San Francisco, paying for the tickets by check. On each occasion, on the very next day he would cancel the flight and receive a refund from the airlines. Didn't cost him a penny, and the canceled checks enabled him to list the cost of the fictitious flights as an "expense" item on his tax return.

Expensive Lunches

Or so he thought. This high-flying gent had spent more time in the air — on paper — than Lindbergh, when a tax sleuth finally clipped his wings. "Airline" Al is now earthbound in a federal cell. What he didn't know was that whether you travel by air, rail or ship, the various transportation outfits report refunds to Revenue officials.

"Tommy the Tab," a dry-goods salesman, also thought he had it made. Tommy's little racket consisted of having lunch with business acquaintances at expensive restaurants several times a week. When the check arrived,



HEAD MAN. Commissioner of Internal Revenue T. Coleman Andrews and his men have unearthed many strange tax dodges. His latest warning: Businessmen's expense accounts are going to get a close look.

Tommy would collect cash from each of the boys, pocket it and sign the tab, so that the cost of the entire lunch would be charged against his account.

During the course of the year Tommy's phony tabs pyramided to \$4,000, and when March 15 rolled around Tommy unhesitatingly deducted this tidy little sum from his return, explaining it as "business expense, entertainment of buyers."

Inevitably, the tax-probers called Tommy

in, but he wasn't worried. After all, he could exhibit canceled checks made out to the restaurants to "prove" this item.

Not so gullible was the tax man, however. Would Tommy please supply the names of these buyers? Caught in a squeeze, Tommy confessed his scheme and suffered the consequences.

Soaring taxes have made today's tax-cheaters more daring, more desperate. As a

Continued on page 24



A SLICE OF HISTORY FOR TV. Against rugged terrain of the borax country, the mule train will appear on the screen just as it was 75 years ago



TEAM OWNER Morgan hitches up one of his 20 charges



THE 20-MULE

(See Front Cover)

The wagons were 75 years old, and so was the driver. And the mules hadn't changed a bit

Photographs by Don Ormiz

THE winter dawn in Death Valley was cold. We huddled around a sparse camp fire, waiting for the sun to rise over Funeral Mountain. Nearby, the "swamper" was soothing his mules. "Easy, Sontag. Whoa there, Meatball. Hold it, Beulah."

There were 20 mules grouped around the wagons, and, because I had given the matter no thought, I was surprised that each mule had a name and a personality. Sontag, named after a famed Western outlaw, had a personality to match. Beulah (see cover) loved to nuzzle. She was the saddle mule.

We were there to watch what will stay forever in my mind as one of the most stirring sights I had ever seen — the famous 20-mule team of the Pacific Coast Borax Company hauling cargo out of the canyons of Death Valley.

I remember as a child seeing the picture of this team on the package of borax in my mother's pantry. I had never

expected to get so close to the real thing, which ceased operations some 70 years ago. The 20-mule team, you will be surprised to learn, was never in practical operation for more than five years, circa 1880. In 1937, however, for a stunt, a team was assembled and the ancient wagons traveled the original route from Death Valley to Mojave.

Real Life

THIS time the team was reassembled for a TV film, "The Big Team Rolls," which is one of a series called "Death Valley Days," sponsored by the borax people. Star of this film is our cover girl, Lucille Barkley, of Rochester, N. Y. She plays a mining engineer's daughter — which she is in real life.

A High Sierra man named Bruce Morgan was in charge of the team back in 1937 and again this time. He makes his living running pack-mule trains up in the mountains



TEAM ROLLS AGAIN

by Louis Berg

for fishermen and other vacationists. On occasions he has hitched up his mules to the old borax wagons for parades and centennials.

In 1937 he made the 165-mile trip to Mojave without breakdown or mishap of any kind. The desert and the desolate Panamint Range are just as uninhabited as they were in 1884. It took him 10 days to make the journey.

His ambition is to take his team from the Valley to New York City. He figures the trip will take from six months to a year — if the 75-year-old wagons hold up.

They were made to hold. They were built to do the impossible, to haul 24-ton loads of borax through winding canyons and over jagged rocks and across salt flats and sand dunes. Each wagon weighs nearly four tons without the load. The rear wheels are seven feet high, with steel tires eight inches wide. The team hauls two wagons and a water tank — an absolute essential where water holes are three to four days' journey apart — for a total load of 36½ tons. Twenty mules were none too many to haul this load over that terrain.

The sun shone the day I was there. The team made ready. The harness — steel chain 120 feet long, crossed at proper intervals with spreaders and singletrees for the 10

pairs of mules — stretched out on the ground like the skeleton of some prehistoric monster. No easy task to fit 20 mules into this harness. But gentleness does it. The skinner and swamper on this team seemed to love their animals.

"Force a mule at the beginning," said mule skinner J. Tugwell Malone, "and you'll have to force him the rest of your life."

The driver of the team, Vasey Cline, is a dignified man as old as the wagons who sits on his wheel mule erect and majestic, like a cavalry commander.

Cavalry Charge

THE TV director gave the signal. The team came pouring out of the canyon in a cloud of dust. It moved slowly, but the impression was of a cavalry charge. Such tugging, such rearing, such straining of men, mules and wagons!

From my vantage point I was still watching an hour later as the team crept slowly now along the Valley floor. There was something singularly moving about the spectacle — a bit of history, a heroic part of the American past brought back to life — for people sitting in their parlors and sipping drinks chilled in electric refrigerators. *The End*



DEATH VALLEY DAWN. Skinner examines a mule's hoof

YOU ALL KNOW HOW HUSBANDS ACT AT STAND-UP SUPPERS. THAT'S WHY



Sometimes he tossed her up so her head hit the ceiling

SHE TRIED TO MAKE HER MAN BEHAVE

by John D. MacDonald

Illustrated by Alajolor

Mr. MacDonald, who spends most of his time writing hard-hitting novels, turns to the lighter side of married life in short stories. Here's one. — THE EDITORS

FEATURE FICTION

LIVING with Barney, Joanne had decided, presented many of the same problems and pleasures as living with an affectionate pet moose. During the day the rooms of their pre-fab house seemed large enough. When Barney came home in the evening, the house shuddered and recoiled. He thumped and bellowed — all in perfectly good spirits.

It wasn't that she couldn't understand it. He was a vast, big-muscled young man, ex-fullback, ex-Marine and now a promising production engineer. He had led a muscular and expansive life thus far. And now he spent his working days in the huge high-buildings where there were mysterious machines perfectly capable of picking up a locomotive and chewing it like so much bubble gum. Spending each day in a place where only those of good lung capacity could make themselves heard at all.

She knew his basic tenderness and the good warmth of his love. But sometimes she wished that he would not cause her to remember the time a neighbor's St. Bernard puppy, in ponderous affection, had tumbled her over a porch railing.

BARNEY sloshed through cyclonic showers, ate desperate holes in the food budget, and delighted in swooping her up and lifting her on high until the top of her red head bumped lightly against the ceiling. After one year, four months and three days of marriage she had adjusted to a very happy home life which included bass renditions of the Marine Hymn, the alma mater of Carnegie Tech and Some Enchanted Evening, all with a constant background noise of doors shutting thunderously.

Adjustment was only slightly complicated by memory of the house where she had grown up, a happy and restful and quiet house. This one was happy — and anything but quiet.

But on this spring evening Joanne paced the living-room floor, teeth set, scowling, grimacing, making telling gestures at the empty room, practicing up for a marital lecture. Off stage Barney was making those wallowing noises which left the bathroom floor awash with water he managed to bounce over the top of the shower curtain.

The essence of Joanne's complaint she had summed up thus: *It is dandy to live with a pet moose and I love you dearly, but in public, Barney, you must subdue yourself.*

HE CAME into the living room buttoning his favorite shredded flannel shirt, water-pasted hair already beginning to spring up, and fell into his chair with an emphasis that would have delighted the upholstery repair place.

"I tried to yell through the door, dear," Joanne said, "but you were being Pinza. After dinner we go to the Shubleys'."

He looked at her, stricken. "Oh, no! Not after the day I've had. Not after a crane operator drops a five-ton forging. Not after O'Reilly reads a print wrong. Not after Mark loads the new gear job on my back. Do we have to?"

She nodded.

He sighed. "So we have to."

"But first I want to have a serious word with you, Barney."

He raised one eyebrow. "Thought you acted funny. Come here, and we'll talk."

She took a cautious backward step. "Uh-uh. I'm going to talk from here."

"Hmmm. Bags packed? Back to momma?"



Joanne thought, "Maybe Barney has more fun talking to them than me"

"Be serious, Barney. Please," Joanne said. His expression changed. "I guess you mean this."

"I do. Remember that the marriage book said a good marriage is a case of both people making adjustments."

"That sounds as if I'm due to make one." "Now I'm going to exaggerate just a little bit, but not very much, Barney, you know what I mean. Here is a preview of evening."

"We'll walk down the street to the Shubleys'. You'll let me go through the door first. And after that, brother, I'm my own. I'll be left to sit somewhere — anywhere."

"At rare intervals I'll be able to see you — on the far side of the room. More often I'll be able to hear you over there, you and Ham and Archie having one of those endless conversations. I could be a widow even."

"Other people light my cigarettes. Other people sit and talk to me. The only time I'll get any attention from you during the whole evening is when I hear you tell about some darn-fool thing I've done, usually in the cooking department, because I'm not so good at it yet. And I have to sit there with my face feeling like it is on fire and trying to laugh it off."

"When it's time to leave, you'll collect me, because you're at least aware that we should leave together, even if I haven't seen you all evening. I'm just terribly weary, Barney, of being taken out and thoroughly ignored."

"But Jo —"

"Let me finish. Everything else is fine. How we act here in our own home is our own business. I don't mind that dreadful snapping thing you do with the end of a towel, and I

don't mind love pats that rattle my teeth, and I like to have you lift me up in the air and it is all right if you drape me over your shoulder like a — well, like a wet towel."

"But you see, here in our home you've been treating me like — like a playmate, I guess. I like that. I think it is fine. But when you take me out — when any woman is taken out in public — she wants the little attentions. She wants to be able to feel — well, precious and fragile and sort of desirable. The way Walter Furgeson treats Martha."

Barney looked at her solemnly. "I think Walter Furgeson is an incredible little twerp. He treats her that way because they advertise themselves as Marriage Counselors and it's probably good for business."

"That's not fair, Barney," she said sharply. "I don't really like him, but he treats Martha the way a girl wants to be treated in public. I love you and I don't want to hurt you. But we ought to look as if we loved each other and..." The unexpected tears came and she fled to the kitchen.

She stood out there expecting him to follow her, but he didn't. As she finished preparing dinner she listened to the silence in the living room. There was no customary rattling of the evening paper, no alarmed yapping of the newscaster. Just a deep, almost mournful silence.

She called him and he came out and slid into the booth a bit gingerly, managing for once not to thump the table leg and spill things as he got in. They ate in a strained silence. Every time she looked at him, she was aware of his having looked away a split second before her eyes met his. There was a frown bunched between his brows.

"It is really that bad?" he asked finally.

"Like I said, I exaggerated a little. I sometimes you do come and sit near me for a little while. But —"

"Okay, Mrs. Watson. Tonight I shall make that Furgeson item look like a calloused and indifferent beast. I shall pant beside you, awaiting your slightest —"

"Barney!" she said warningly.

"I'll do better by you, Jo."

Then things were fine again, and they beamed at each other. He told her she was especially delightful when she was annoyed. She told him that all he had to do was to see it once from her point of view. When she was ready for more coffee and started to rise, he pressed her firmly back and went and got the pot and filled her cup. She told him the service was wonderful.

When they finally made entrance into the Shubley living room, Joanne had the momentary fear that he was overdoing it. He managed the entrance with massive care, ushering her into the room in a way that seemed faintly like a caveman leading a minuet. But it made her feel properly flushed and precious and happy and fragile and desirable. She glowed.

He hovered beautifully for all of twelve minutes, and then she missed him. He was over in the corner with Ham and Archie, and over all the conversation she heard his big voice saying, "...so now George tells us we've got to do every casting all over again. Just because —" instead of a purchasing agent wants to...

Joanne sat quietly, biting her lip behind the concealment of a brittle formal smile. The Furgesons arrived. Walter was small-boned

man with a narrow mustache and the delicate body-control of the carnivore cats. Martha Furgeson always made Joanne think of yodels, yogurt and milking stools. She had a soft blondness, a shy eye, the warm look of the well loved. Walter treated her the way a headwaiter would treat visiting royalty, yet with a lingering personal emphasis that would have resulted in any waiter being fired the spot. They were, in the language of the group, a special couple.

She saw Barney notice the Furgesons, remember, flash her a look of apology, terminate his conversation and come back to her. She made for him and he sat next her. He lighted her cigarette, talked to her, saw that she had a fresh drink.

He did a little better the second time. She guessed it was twenty minutes before he was back over by the fireplace in a heated argument about how the Dodgers would shape up next season. And she was Walter Furgeson sitting beside his Martha on the couch, their fingers interlocked, but not blatantly as their hands were partially concealed by a fold of Martha's full skirt.

She was saying to herself, rather grimly, "Maybe it's just because he has more fun talking to them. He can talk to me any time." Lost in those dismal reflections, responding mechanically to the small talk, Joanne was startled by Martha's gasp, by her quick voice saying, "Oh, I'm sorry, darling. That was clumsy of me."

Ruth Shubley had passed some hot little cheese and tomato things and Martha had bitten into one. The tomato, under dental compression, had jetted out onto Walter's

Continued on page 28



DR. ARNOLD GESELL TELLS HOW TO UNDERSTAND A TEEN-AGER

The country's foremost child expert has just finished his long-awaited study of the 10-to-16 age group. Here is an exclusive preview of his findings that will surprise and reassure you

By Jack Harrison Pollack

DOES your 11-year-old son argue all the time? Is your 13-year-old daughter moody? Why does your child, between 14 and 15, seem to undergo such a sudden personality change?

Millions of harassed parents have long

wanted to know the answers to such questions on what makes teen-agers tick.

It is exciting news that after a decade of intensive research Dr. Arnold Gesell, America's foremost child scientist, and his co-workers, are preparing for publication a sequel to their famous earlier volumes on child behavior.

This historic adolescent study should offer hope to parents in understanding and guiding their 10-to-16-year-old children. The study will neither deprecate nor defend teen-agers. The investigators will simply set down a systematic year-by-year account of the pattern of adolescent behavior.

The Gesell philosophy has already influenced the thinking of countless parents. Whenever you say, "Oh, my child is just going through a stage," you are—whether you realize it or not—echoing Dr. Gesell who pioneered in making a science of child development.

The Gesell Classics

AS FOUNDER-DIRECTOR of the Yale Clinic of Child Development, Dr. Gesell first charted behavior characteristics and maturity traits from birth up to 10 years of age. Reassured parents learned about these normal stages through which their young children passed in such Gesell classics as "Infant and Child in the Culture of Today," "The First Five Years

of Life" and "The Child from Five to Ten."

This predictability of behavior pattern was once twitted in a "New Yorker" cartoon where a precocious child reading a Gesell book snorted, "Gee, what a stinker I'm going to be next year!"

Adolescent Stages, Too

THOUGH these early stages have been comprehensively blocked out, until now, children over 10 have been considered rather unpredictable. Parents haven't known what is *usual* for the 10-to-16 years because there has been no yardstick for estimating and evaluating adolescent behavior.

The Gesell investigators are now finding that 10-to-16-year-olds undergo year-to-year and stage-to-stage changes just as children do in the first 10 years of life.

This new adolescent study was begun by Dr. Gesell, now a vigorous 73, at Yale, where he observed thousands of children from 1911 until retiring in 1948. Since then, he and his scientific team have continued their researches in New Haven, Conn., at the Gesell Institute of Child Development. The Institute functions as a clinic as well as a teaching and research center. It was incorporated in 1950 to conserve and carry onward a whole chain of development studies.

The main material for the present adolescent research is supplied by 100 teen-agers

whose lives have already furnished much of the data for the infancy and early-childhood studies. Highly co-operative relations with these children—and their parents—have been built up over the years.

Largely middle-class New Haven public-



ED FRINGSSEN

MOTHER must often face rebellion



ED FRINGSSEN

HELPFUL: But don't expect too much



EACH YEAR *There's some
something of the old and new,
then they're settled
proudly what to expect*

BOB VOSE

school children, many formerly attended Dr. Gesell's Yale nursery school and clinic. Until they were five, they were observed at half-year intervals. Annually since then, systematic records have been made to define their mental growth and individuality.

"We always suspected that behavior in adolescence was patterned, just as in infancy and early childhood, but we never realized how patterned it was!" admits Dr. Frances L. Ilg, pediatrician director of the Gesell Institute, who has been Dr. Gesell's collaborator and associate for 22 years.

A detailed charting of the trends of development is under way. The preliminary findings are being constantly tested in the guidance work of the Institute. Such a rough map of the trends will be of great value to parents and teachers. It can make them more aware of the timing and the directions of development, and reduce unwarranted anxieties.

The 10-16 "road map" which follows doesn't mean that you can foretell exactly what your child will do on the hour tonight. *Not every youngster travels through these stages in the same way or at the same speed. Each child has his own pattern of growth—depending on his body type, environment and temperament—which is the key to his individuality.*

But nearly all adolescents—those a year behind or ahead in their emotional, social and intellectual developments—give evidence of a basic sequence of trends. The typical trends of growth are described in terms of yearly intervals. Although the typical 13-year-old child is "withdrawn," it doesn't mean that every 13-year-old is withdrawn. Your 13-year-old may have reached this stage earlier

—or not yet, or he may show only a mild form or degree of withdrawal.

In any event a knowledge of the trends will give you perspective and a better chance to help the child in his task of growing up. With the above qualifications, here is a summary of the Gesell findings on the development trends of the 10-to-16-year-old.

The 10-Year-Old

TEN is a pleasant, joyful age both for child and parents—an age of equilibrium and relative calm. It is the last age when the youngster accepts his parents' views without reservations. The child gets along well with playmates, too. At 10, a child is docile, direct, simple and matter-of-fact. The boy or girl who was such a problem at nine is now happy, anxious to please, listens attentively to parents and teachers, and isn't worried about grades or criticism.

Intensely moral, the 10-year-old frowns at cheating and swearing. It's an excellent age to teach tolerance, too.

At 10, a boy likes to try everything his dad suggests. For example, a father may decide his son is the athletic type. If so, it may not be wise to invest too heavily in expensive sporting equipment, because within a year his son's passion for sports may taper off.

Despite their well-being, 10-year-olds are not always in complete repose. They often

bite their nails, wiggle, fidget, grimace, put fingers to their faces or mouths, twist strands of hair, stutter and mutter—all by way of outlets for tension.

Most 10-year-olds, moreover, don't *Continued on next page*



AT 12, he develops a conscience



AT 16, she grows more considerate

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ADOLESCENTS develop new attitudes and personalities with bewildering speed

HOW TO UNDERSTAND A TEEN-AGER

Continued from preceding page

much about cleanliness or neatness. From the viewpoint of these youngsters, it's just something their mothers insist on. They are still radio and TV addicts, too, and may possessively refer to as many as 40 or 50 shows as "my programs."

But despite these drawbacks, 10 is considered "an awfully nice age."

The 11-Year-Old

ELEVEN, on the other hand, can be exasperating at times. It's the year when husbands and wives may start blaming each other's families for the unpleasant traits their youngsters are now displaying.

The 11-year-old is apt to argue about everything, blame brothers or sisters for his faults, be rough on friends as well as parents and in fact generally obnoxious. He has scant desire for things to run smoothly. It's one of the hardest ages to get a child to help around the house.

At birthday parties, they may tear the house apart. Their consciences generally don't bother them when they do wrong. It does little good to reason with an 11-year-old; but you can nevertheless help the child to organize his conscience.

A girl at 11 may be especially difficult. She takes things out on her mother and will frequently be against something simply because her mother is for it. The mother can be the best in the world and still have this problem. The 11-year-old actually is beginning to "free herself" of her mother. The mother consequently feels helpless and bewildered. The less they are of each other around this time the better.

Curiously, she isn't hostile to her dad. This often prompts a short-sighted father to blame his wife for not doing her job well. Both parents should realize that a firm-handed father is usually most successful in handling an 11-year-old girl or boy.

Parents should take it easy, make few demands on 11-year-olds but see that they are carried out, advise Gesell experts. You should hold a tight or a very loose rein — half-way

measures usually don't work. It's a good year to pack kids off to summer camp. (Let's hope the camp understands its 11-year-olds!)

The 12-Year-Old

TWELVE is a happier age — the youngster is again pleasant company. Beginning to care about parental approval, the child is somewhat neater and cleaner. Nearly all are now also bothered by their consciences. Western radio and TV programs are on the way out.

Enthusiastic, with boundless energy, the 12-year-old "just loves" everything and can't wait for such and such to happen. "Oh, I just love this" and "I can't wait till tomorrow" are favorite expressions. Anxious for attention, the child expresses this desire with flashy clothes. Girls wear more reds; boys more bright plaid shirts. Boys start dreaming of drivers' licenses; girls may want to take up horseback riding.

Yet the 12-year-old is somewhat shapeless. He embarrasses easily, can't accept praise gracefully and sprawls all over like jelly. The youngster is grown up minute and babyish the next. One 12-year-old New Haven girl, annoyed because her mother threw away some old newspapers she wanted, tied notes to everything including the dog saying, "Please don't throw away."

The 13-Year-Old

At 13, children drift sharply away from their parents. Moody, quiet and withdrawn, they have smoldering inner feelings. They close the door to talk on the phone. Long periods of silence are common. They often lock themselves in their rooms and may even push bureaus against their doors. They frequently hang up signs saying, "Keep Out — Genius at Work." Even if you ask such a simple question as "How do you feel?" they think you are prying.

Learning to discriminate, 13-year-olds are selective in their choice of companions. They pay little attention to guests. Time

Continued on page 30

Here's your proof!...



Here's proof that dampness and humidity cannot get at Premium Saltines — that they'll stay fresh and deliciously crisp until the last one is eaten! Try tastier, crisper Premium Saltines today — and enjoy the grandest cracker you ever ate!

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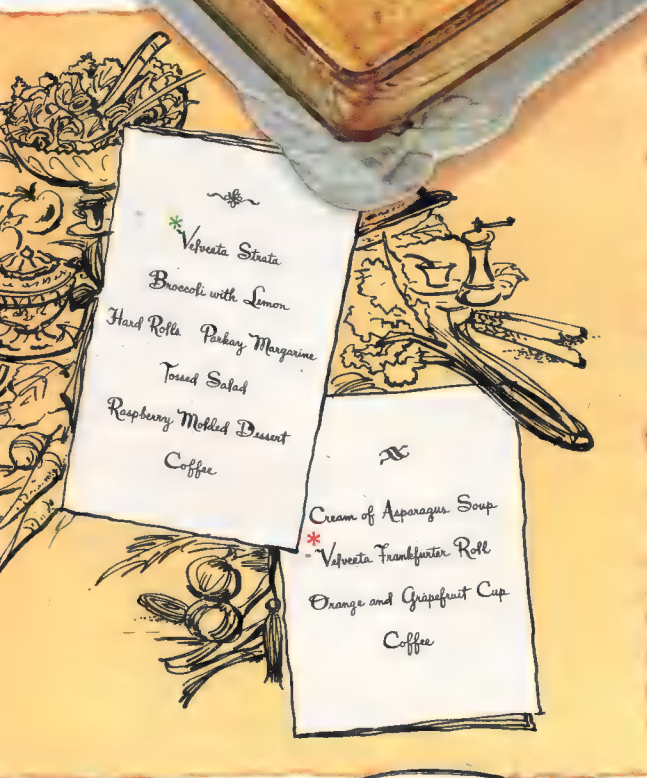
FOR DINNER

* **VELVEETA PINWHEEL VEGETABLE CASSEROLE**—Place 8 small carrots, 8 small onions, 1½ c. green beans and 1 c. peas, all cooked and well drained, into a casserole. Make cream sauce with 4 tbsp. Parkay Margarine, 4 tbsp. flour and 2 c. milk. Add ½ lb. Velveeta, sliced, and stir until it melts. Add salt, pepper to taste. Pour over vegetables. *For the biscuit pinwheels:* sift 1 c. flour, 1 tsp. baking powder, ½ tsp. salt. Cut in 4 tbsp. Parkay Margarine until mixture resembles corn meal. Stir in ¾ c. milk to make a smooth dough. Turn out on floured board, knead ½ min. Roll ¼-in. thick and spread with ¼ c. melted Parkay; roll up like jelly roll. Cut off 1-in. slices and place around edges of casserole. Bake in 425° oven 20 min. until biscuits are lightly browned. Serves 4.

FOR LUNCH

* **TWO-TONE GOLDEN SANDWICH**—Combine 1 beaten egg, ½ c. milk, ¼ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper. Add to 3 tbsp. Parkay Margarine melted in top of double boiler and cook, stirring frequently until eggs are creamy and thick. Add 1 tbsp. chopped chives, mix well. Place hot scrambled mixture on white bread toast slices (crusts trimmed). Top each with a thick slice of Velveeta. Place in 350° oven until Velveeta begins to melt. Garnish with pimento strips. Serves 4.





FOR DINNER

* **VELVEETA STRATA**—Trim crusts from 12 slices of day-old bread. Arrange 4 slices in the bottom of a 8-in. sq. baking dish. Slice $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of Velveeta and cover bread with half of it. Place 4 more bread slices on cheese layer and cover with remaining Velveeta. Add last 4 bread slices. Combine 4 beaten eggs, $2\frac{1}{4}$ c. milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt, dash of pepper. Pour over bread and Velveeta and let it stand 1 hour. Bake in 325° about 30 min. or until it is puffed and lightly browned. Serve plain or top with jelly. Velveeta pasteurized process cheese food adds greatly to the nutrition of this dish and the others shown. Just 2 ounces of Velveeta supply more protein and calcium and phosphorus, as much riboflavin and more vitamin A than a big 8-ounce glass of milk! Good reason for serving delicious Velveeta often.

FOR LUNCH

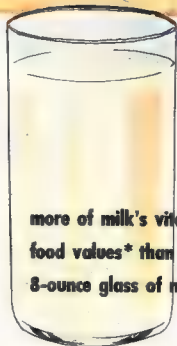
* **VELVEETA FRANKFURTER ROLL**—Grind $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of Velveeta, $\frac{1}{4}$ of a small onion, 1 medium-sized green pepper and 6 slices bacon, cooked. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ c. condensed tomato soup (undiluted), $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, dash of cayenne, dash of Worcestershire and blend well. Split 4 frankfurter buns, spread bottom halves with filling; cover with tops. Place in 400° until filling melts. Serve hot, garnished with radish roses. Serve Velveeta sandwiches often. Just 2 ounces of Velveeta give more of milk's vital food values than a big 8-ounce glass of milk!



Rich in protein!

**A 2-OUNCE SERVING
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"The only way to meet that kind of competition is to offer people the most, the best and the newest services available. And if you set a higher standard of service today, you must try to improve it tomorrow. This is a 'must' in the fuel oil business."

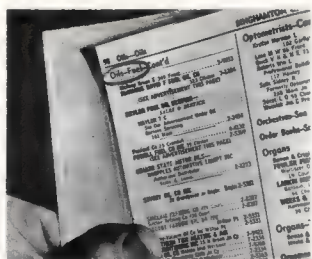
The competition which faces George Savory pays off for the people of Binghamton. It

keeps prices down and assures outstanding service, not only from Savory, but from his rivals. They, too, know how easy it is for their customers to open the phone book.

All over the U. S. you'll find that competition for oil business is keen. And you'll find that every American family heating with oil gets the finest service possible. That's because fuel oil dealers like George Savory can only keep their customers by serving them well, or better, than their rivals.

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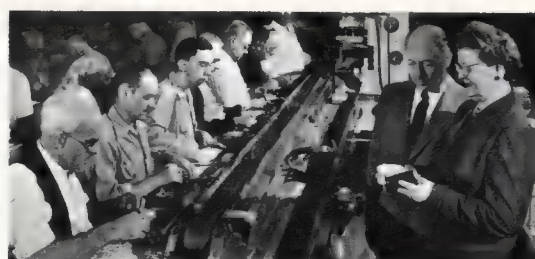


HOME OWNERS can take their choice of 21 fuel oil dealers listed in Binghamton classified telephone directory. Check the yellow pages in your phone book—find out how many companies compete for your fuel oil business.



3 A. M. George Savory's oil burner serviceman answers an emergency call from a suburban home. Complete 24-hour burner service, pioneered by Savory in Binghamton, helps win him new friends and new business—is now offered by many of his rivals.

(Advertisement)



PRESIDENT OF BLIND MEN'S ASSOCIATION, oilman Savory inspects new factory employing 75 local blind people. He played important part in raising money for this factory. As chairman of the mayor's citizens committee, and as a leading member of many other local activities in the Triple Cities (Binghamton, Johnson City, Endicott), Savory tries to repay the community which has been good to him.



QUIZ 'EM

Questions and answers from current news



RUSSIAN LIBRARY. What books will be added?

HISTORY... How are Russian children going to learn about our American Indians?

According to Moscow Radio, 70 million copies of books with the emphasis on science fiction and adventure will be published in 1954. They will include the works of James Fenimore Cooper.

— Mrs. G.R.S., Chicago

TIEWARTED... Why did the State of Oregon shackle its replica of the Liberty bell?

To prevent visitors from swinging it to see if it would ring. It wouldn't. Officials feared the arms of the bell would wear out.

— R.R. Jennings, Mo.

ABILITY... What new plan has been made to get competent men in the Justice Department, a plan which may be followed in other governmental departments?

Each year 30 jobs in the Justice Department will be awarded to high-standing law-school graduates. — Mrs. W.C.S., Elyria, Ohio

VERBUS... American motorists pay about 71 cents per 1,000 miles for a standard tire today. How does that compare with the price they paid in 1920?

In 1920 the cost was about \$2.27 per 1,000 miles.

— R.A.D., Los Angeles

EXCUSED... What novel did a Cleveland have for getting out of jury duty?

He weighed 425 pounds, had a 60-inch waistline and just could not fit into a juror's chair.

— C.C.G., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

BITES... Why did the Fijis greet Queen Elizabeth and Philip in absolute silence?

Silence is a mark of respect — applause and cheering are regarded as insulting. — D.M.W., Chicago

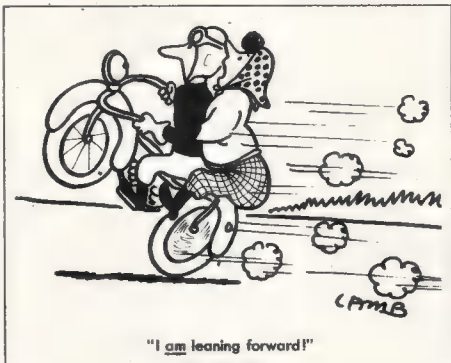
BOOMING... What city's population climbed to 7,469,538 persons as of November 1, keeping it still the world's third largest city?

Tokyo.

— Mrs. C.E.O., Arlington, Va.

CONDUCTED BY *Tom Henry*

NOTE: We will pay \$2 for a question and answer used in this column. Questions are based on current news and clipping of must accompany answer. Address: Tom Henry, THIS WEEK, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Unaccepted contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.



Smart texture!

"Penthouse" bedspread boasts casualness of Cabin Crafts' exclusive Ripplecord banded with Featherstufing. Washable, requires no ironing. Gold, brown, emerald green, moonstone grey, rosepink, geranium, beige, white.



998

Patchwork embroidery!

"Trellis" bedspread with delicate embroidery has the look of far more expensive designs! Washable Ripplecord in background colors of yellow, rosepink, emerald green, blue, avocado.



1498

Full to the floor!

"Hampton" bedspread, lavish with Candlewick and Rippletufting, hangs full to the floor... as do all Cabin Crafts' bedspreads. White or frosted pastels of pink, yellow, blue, green.



1298

Cabin Crafts' SUPER-SIZE Bedspreads SUPER VALUES!

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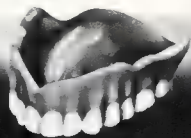
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3. Seals edges. Lets you eat anything.
4. Keeps plates tight. No more laughing, singing, even sneezing.



THE RUSSIANS' CRAZIEST SPY

by Bob Deindorfer

He couldn't read English, so he stole everything from menus to millinery bills. All Vienna's been laughing . . .

ALL over jittery four-power Vienna people heard the whisper of an incredible spy story not so long ago. Fanciful rumors abound in Vienna, where two hostile worlds rub together, yet this particular story soon became more popular than any of the fictional whoppers despite a rare and vital difference. It happened to be true.

One of the cold war's strangest twists began to develop the afternoon an American occupation officer poked into his waste basket, searching for a paper he had thrown away by mistake. Someone had removed it. So, following a rigid order shaped to cover just such emergencies, he notified the Army Counter-Intelligence Corps.

Through Channels

Out along Vienna's quiet, residential Michaelerstrasse, in a long, low stone headquarters building, a written report on the missing paper moved up through regular CIC channels to the Chief of Operations. The Chief pulled six top surveillance men off other jobs for an

urgent investigation of an incident which smelled strongly of enemy espionage.

For almost two weeks the surveillance team searched for an answer, shadowing suspects, questioning refugees, keeping an eye open around the building where the leak happened. A manila folder stamped "CE" for counter-espionage fattened visibly in the secret file as agents submitted detailed reports. And after the last scraps of evidence went into the folder, the Chief knew who the spy was and how he was operating.



SATURDAYS he left Vienna

The technique, compared to some of the silkier, more elaborate enemy intrigues, was relatively simple. A tough young Hungarian refugee who worked as a janitor in two U.S. occupation buildings was secretly serving as an agent for the Hungarian AVH security outfit. With his natural access to desks and waste baskets, he was able to pick out important-looking papers and carry them off in his overall pockets.

Another World

ON SATURDAYS the janitor quietly rode a train to the Austrian-Hungarian border town of Schattendorf and there crossed into another world — behind the Iron Curtain. Shuttling back and forth between two enemy camps, he delivered large packets of American information to a control officer inside Hungary who directed and paid him.

The control officer relayed it to the high Russian intelligence center in Budapest for translation and evaluation.

From the look of things, Russia had run a productive espionage line right into sensitive American office in Vienna. Or so it seemed at first. In actual practice, though, the line didn't do so well. This was mainly because of the fantastic



JANITOR-SPY mined U.S. waste baskets

brandy, Gabris ■■■ a misfit in many ways. His worst defect was that while he spoke sufficient broken, monosyllabic English to burn an occasional cigarette, he could not read ■■■ word of it.

Cursed with this vital deficiency, Gabris did the best he could. Week after week, in a long pattern of larceny, he stole whatever looked important—an interoffice telephone directory, personal letters, luncheon menus, unclassified ■■■ oranda, shop bills, expense vouchers—anything.

To top it off, his control officer in Hungary labored under a similar handicap. American agents had known about AVH Major Gyorgy Csargo for a long time. An ex-waiter in ■ Budapest cafe, Csargo had never bothered to learn any English either. Despite this glaring weakness, he held a high position in Hungarian Intelligence, simply because of his noisy devotion to Communism.

They Smiled

WHEN the CIC agents had the whole picture in their minds—two tough incompetents, neither of whom read any English, blindly passing American papers ■ to the highest Russian intelligence center in Hungary—they began to smile.

They decided to exploit their knowledge of the enemy espionage line. Agents shadowed an unsuspecting Gabris day and night, never questioning him, never show-

ing themselves, merely going along in ■■■ he ever contacted ■■■ other local undercover operator. Meanwhile, other agents planted false and misleading material in the waste baskets he emptied.

Night in Jail

UNTIL Gabris picked a drunken fight with ■■ Austrian policeman and spent the night in jail, the pattern ran without a hitch. Systematic inventories of the contents of several dozen waste baskets showed how much bogus information, artfully blurred and twisted for Soviet consumption, the janitor carried away.

But his troubles with the Austrian police, which gave Gabris a record, called for an abrupt change of plans. It ■■■ obvious ■■■ that the tough and potentially dangerous Hungarian wouldn't last much longer ■■ an enemy spy. The CIC could arrest him at any time, of course, for espionage, but his control officer, Major Gyorgy Csargo, sitting safely behind the Iron Curtain, would escape punishment.

Or would he? The Chief of Operations who first scheduled the investigation hit ■■ an idea. If only the Russian intelligence agency realized what inept bunglers they had working for them, perhaps... He rolled a sheet of plain white paper into his typewriter and slowly started tapping the keys.

Continued on next page

Perspiration odor can't be masked



Sutton
STICK DEODORANT

... stops odor
before it starts

No mess, no sticky fingers
No waste or waiting to dry

Neat, quick, convenient

Glides on pleasantly

Refreshingly fragrant

Look for the big blue
Sutton Stick wherever
cosmetics ■■■ sold

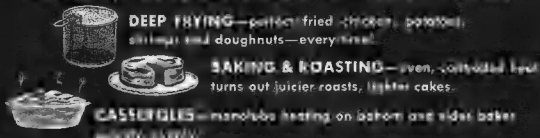
only **59¢**

giant size \$1.00

Unpleasant odor results from the decomposition of perspiration through bacterial action. GW-14 in the Sutton Stick destroys the offending bacteria and ■■■■ immunity.

it's a fryer...it's a baker...
it's a casserole maker!

Top Quality! Top Performance! Satisfactionally Low Priced!



DEEP FRYING—perfectly fried chicken, potatoes, oiling, and doughnuts—every time!

BAKING & ROASTING—even, controlled heat turns out juicier roasts, lighter cakes.

CASSEROLES—marvelous heating on bottom and sides bakes evenly every time.

DORMEYER Deep-Fry Cooker

Automatic, automatic. The Dormeyer—serves 6—has automatic thermostat with handy guide for favorite dishes. Jewel light signals when cooking temperature is reached. Full

tom for faster cooking, inside self-cleaning. Newest heating element in stainless steel. Comes with oil, covered heat resistant handles, and a New Cook Book of exciting recipes.



COMBIF
Full automatic portable mixer that makes every pot and pan a mixing bowl. Guaranteed. Only \$19.95



COFFEE-WELL
With Remo-Set Perk Selector. Signals when coffee is done, completely automatic. Guaranteed. \$14.95



POWER-CHEF
It's a grinder, slicer, and mixer all for one low price. Guaranteed. \$46.50

FULLY GUARANTEED

only **\$19.50**



GET
DORMEYER
AND YOU GET
EVERYTHING

DORMEYER CORP., Chicago 10, Ill.

Check Perspiration! Stop Odor 24 Hours!

with
Colgate's
New

VETO Cream



Stops Odor Before It Starts!

There's a miracle anti-perspirant in Veto that's not found in any other deodorant. Veto Cream checks perspiration instantly. What's more, tests prove that for 10 out of 10 people, it prevents odor for a full 24 hours. For Veto destroys the bacteria that cause odor.

Yet Veto is safe for normal skin, certified harmless to clothes. It's delicately fragrant, always satin-soft, pleasant to apply. Get Veto today, use it daily!



"Dear Major Gy. Cs." he wrote. "This is a greeting from your American friends in the Counter-Intelligence Corps. We have been watching your efforts for quite some time with growing sympathy. The boys you send over here are an impossible bunch of stumblebums. They steal our cigarettes, borrow money they never repay and bury their arms to the shoulders in all our waste baskets."

"We want to help you." He rolled the paper down and started a second paragraph. "I am proposing a gentleman's agreement. Since most of the information you seem to want is available in the regular daily edition of 'The Stars and Stripes,' we will enter a subscription for you if you agree to send over no more drunks, half-wits or juvenile delinquents. This offer may win you a promotion, The Order of the Red Flannels and an eventual vacation trip to Siberia."

"Top Secret!"

The Chief finished typing and signed the name by which he is known around Vienna. At the top and bottom of the page he stamped the unmistakable pink "TOP SECRET" mark. After crumpling the paper up he singed the edges black with a match. To even the most brainless enemy agents,

THE RUSSIANS' CRAZIEST SPY

Continued from preceding page.

the letter would look like a critical secret document.

The hoax proceeded according to plan. That afternoon the letter disappeared from the waste basket where it had been planted. That evening Gabris boarded a workers' train toward Hungary.

Refugee's Report

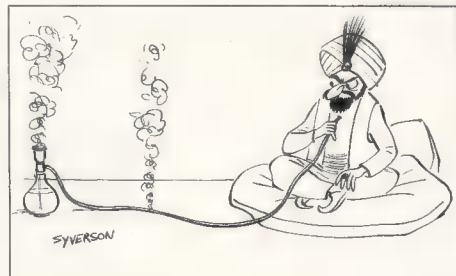
THAT much Counter-Intelligence Corps operatives with their own eyes. Methodically they filed reports for the manila case folder, describing the letter and how Gabris picked it out and caught a train for a delivery to the Soviets.

After a few weeks an end to the went into the manila

folder. A refugee who escaped to Austria from a brutal Communist forced labor camp at Recsk in northern Hungary identified some of his fellow inmates. One of the newest, he said, starting to work off a 25-year sentence, was a fellow named Kalman Gabris who had worked as a janitor out in Vienna.

The Major? Nobody, not even the latest Hungarian escapees who held Communist office, knew exactly what happened to him or where he went, if he's still alive. He disappeared without a trace. He was last seen, carrying a satchel and rushing eagerly into the Russian intelligence headquarters in Budapest.

The End



End scuffed-up floors



JUST SPREAD IT ON AND LET IT DRY



Too hard to scuff up...
too bright to fade away!



Johnson's HARD GLOSS Glo-Coat



SHE collected everything from stamps to sandwiches

Daddy's A Skinflint!

BY DICK ASHBAUGH

He spent a barrel of dimes on his 5-year-old, but as usual he got no credit for it

ALTHOUGH my opinion isn't necessarily final, I have just reached a small, two-part conclusion: (a) A modern railway terminal is a curious combination of Coney Island and the Atlantic City boardwalk; (b) It is a place to spend an hour and fifteen minutes with a volatile five-year-old child.

In my day (a day, incidentally, you may have by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope), the waiting room in a small-town depot contained only the barest essentials necessary to maintain life until the steam train arrived. The only diversion for children was a gum machine usually marked "Out of Order." On the occasions it did work the small grinning figure of a clown turned behind a glass panel and delivered a minute sliver of chicle with the tensile strength of tool steel.

Walls of Machines

TODAY things are different. Standing hub to hub around the walls of the modern terminal are dozens of ingenious vending machines. Here and there a tiny opening has been left to provide access to the trains.

On the particular day of which I sing I was bustling across the tarmac with my five-year-old daughter Mickey streaming out in the rear like a racing pennant. A sudden announcement on the public-address system brought me to a dead halt. The train bearing my wife and other first-class mail had developed a nasty migraine and curled up on an unidentified

sidings outside of town awaiting the physician.

"What's the matter?" asked Mickey curiously. "Why did you stop jerking along so fast? Are we time to meet Mother after all?"

"The train," I said dully, "is an hour and fifteen minutes late."

"Oh boy," she mused happily. "That means you have to keep quiet."

"Here's a dime," I said quickly. "Go ride the electric Western pony with the genuine Roy Rogers saddle. I'll read my paper."

"Now What?"

THREE minutes later she was back tapping my paper. "Well, that's over," she mused, "and I'm still not quiet. Now what?"

"We'll see," I said with a groan. Changing the contents of my wallet into small, round dimes we started out. In the next 10 minutes she had her fortune told and her shoes shined mechanically, received a squirt of Paris perfume and became the owner of a picture of Stan Musial along with a sample of the bubble gum that has made him the National League's greatest hitter.

Working with quiet but determined determination she pushed enough buttons to obtain a picnic kit of peanut-butter sandwiches, a dill pickle in a plastic wrapper, 24 three-cent stamps, a pencil with her name in gold letters and a glass pistol containing what looked like violently colored buckshot.

When I tried to lure her into the coffee shop for regrouping, she discovered an arm crammed with skill-testing devices—all 10 cents. While she cheered on I fought

off a charging Kodiak bear with a tiny electric rifle, shot down a clutch of enemy bombers, bowled a miserable 84, struck out six times on the machine and shook hands with a device that indicated I had the gripping strength of a ribbon clerk.

After singing "Frère Jacques" for the recording machine, having her picture taken from every angle, we sank onto a bench and dined fresco.

"I guess that's there is," she said listlessly.

"Let's pray it is," I muttered.

We were working on the dill pickle when the belated train limped into the station. After the usual flurry of greetings I said to my wife, "Better step. With this crowd we may have trouble getting a cab."

Halfway across the terminal floor Mickey suddenly dug her heels in the floor with a shower of sparks. "There it is!" she howled. "Please may I? I wanna."

"The Poor Child"

"None of that," I snapped. "We're getting out of here."

My wife came to an abrupt halt. "Well, for heaven's sake," she said, "the poor child has been waiting around here for hours and you don't want her to have a little fun." She opened her purse.

"Here, darling," she said kindly, "here's a penny. You go and get on the weighing machine. Mother will stay right here."

She looked at me ominously. "I never dreamed your father was such an old skinflint."

In a corner the old skinflint leaned against a pillar, and then slowly sank to the floor.



MICKEY: She cleaned him out

wet feet today may mean a
COLD
tomorrow!



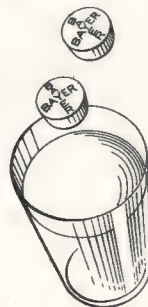
at the first sign of a cold—
take 2 Bayer Aspirin tablets
with a full glass of water
and feel better—

FAST

Amazing—how quickly Bayer Aspirin makes you feel better! That headachy, feverish feeling, those muscular aches and pains—are relieved, quickly!

One reason—a Bayer Aspirin tablet starts disintegrating fast—stopwatch fast—and is ready to go to work almost instantly.

So keep Bayer Aspirin handy. And for soothing relief of a sore throat due to a cold, gargle three times daily with 3 Bayer Aspirin tablets dissolved in one-third of a glass of water.



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Colors: Ageration (US) and Seaside (IM)
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With SPRED SATIN, you can easily and quickly decorate an entire room—walls, ceilings, woodwork—all with a single purchase of paint. No special thinners or brush cleaners to buy. And you get luxurious lasting satin beauty on every surface. You repaint only when you want to, because SPRED SATIN is guaranteed washable—scrub it again and again!



SPRED Color Twins

a soft satin sheen or a rich glowing enamel

SPRED SATIN

For walls, ceilings and for woodwork, too! A luxury finish with a tight latex film that resists dirt. So washable, so durable!

SPRED GLOSS

Easy-to-apply beauty for bathrooms, kitchens, all woodwork... wherever you prefer a rich luster finish with a subdued gloss.

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Glidden



Pacemaker in Paints

TAX CHISELERS, BEWARE!

Continued from page seven

result, they've got more extra aces up their sleeves than a convention of cardsharps. For instance, take the home-owner in ■ community devastated by a tornado who reported that the twister had struck his home and cost him \$8,000.

Actually, this man's house had been undamaged. When a tax agent called him in to prove this deduction, the man presented a grim photograph which showed a house with its roof torn off and ■ missing wall. The agent offered his condolences, and the man departed, congratulating himself for having fooled Uncle Sam—for the picture he had exhibited was ■ he had taken of a neighbor's home.

Two days later, however, this perfect crime was blasted and its perpetrator charged with a fraud. He hadn't counted ■ the fact that it is a standing rule among agents to submit all photographs of storm, fire and flood damages to a government appraiser or engineer—and the appraiser, upon investigating, had tumbled to the plot.

Big Expense Account

ANOTHER trickster who deserves ■ "A" for effort is the traveling salesman who reported ■ \$25,000 income, but charged off \$13,756.37 for living expenses in first-class hotels around the country. "Show me!" insisted the tax agent, and the salesman did, producing ■ batch of receipted hotel bills. The tax agent took the receipts, totaled them up ■ the office adding machine. Studying the results, the agent announced that he was adjourning the ■ temporarily.

Two weeks later, the salesman was summoned back.

"I had our men in Chicago and Los Angeles check the hotel registers there," said the agent. "According to their reports, ■ of the hotels you listed has a record of your having stopped there during the last year. It is my duty to warn you that anything you say now may be used against you..."

The salesman promptly confessed. He had hired a friendly,

unethical printer to make counterfeit duplicates of the forms hotels print their bills on and had faked the receipts. What had made the tax man wise? "I became suspicious when I added up the bills and they totaled exactly to the penny the deduction for expenses the salesman had put in. I thought there might be something fishy. My hunch paid off."

A Charity Case

THERE is practically no angle the tax cheats have neglected. One sharpie, a Long Island suburbanite, invented a dodge which capitalized on the generosity of his neighbors. Each time there ■ a drive for ■ organized charity in his town he volunteered ■ block captain. When the receipts were turned over to him, he would deposit the sum in his bank account. He couldn't pilfer any of this money, for local charities keep their block captains honest by comparing their reports with those of the door-to-door workers.

However, when the ■ had to turn in the money he had collected, he wrote out his own personal check for the amount, made out to the proper charity. So far this ■ legitimate.

When income-tax time came, however, he deducted the amounts listed on these checks under "Charitable Donations." He got away with this subterfuge for three years until an agent, doing ■ routine "spot check" with the various charities involved, discovered the truth about his overwhelming generosity. And ■ he became a collector's item.

Individuals who do a cash business often ■ tempted to short-change the tax man by the simple expedient of understating the amount of money they have taken in. But the service has developed some ingenious methods of checking the receipts of the cash-and-carry boys. Its agents, for example, have been known to sit in parked ■ across the street from doctors' offices, clocking the

Continued on page 26



"All right, where's the world crisis?"



Star Studs

The popularity of the man-tailored shirt isn't any fly-by-night affair, as everyone knows by now. In fact, it's growing by the minute—perturbing those members of the male population who like their women feminine.

"Jewels by Bogoff" has come up with an idea to make them happier—glittery cuff links with earrings to match. Ours are large rhinestone stars, but there's a wide range of sizes and shapes. Blue silk shirt is by Haymaker. —JOAN RATTNER

Photograph by Pellegrini



eyes tired?

two drops quick relief

Why submit to the annoyance of tired eyes? Just two drops of Murine in each eye wakes up your eyes to cool delight. Murine is so simple and quick to use. Murine makes your eyes feel good.

MURINE
for your eyes



ITCH RELIEVED IN A JIFFY or money back

Very first use of soothing, cooling liquid D.D.D. Prescription positively relieves red itch—caused by eczema, rashes, scalp irritation, chafing—other itch troubles. Greaseless, stainless. 43c trial bottle must satisfy or money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist for D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.



Aren't you glad you use DIAL Soap? (...don't you wish everybody did!)

When you're with others—out having fun or hard at work—you never have to worry about perspiration odor when you use Dial. It's the wonderful soap that contains AT-7 (Hexachlorophene).

Dial's the only leading soap that has it, and there's nothing else as good as removing skin bacteria that cause odor.

The photomicros are the right prove what a difference Dial makes. No. 1 shows thousands of bacteria left by ordinary soap. They have odor. No. 2 shows how washing daily with Dial removes up to 95% of these trouble-makers. And Dial's invisible AT-7 clings to your skin for days, so its protection actually increases the more you use Dial.

Dial really stops odor before it starts, and keeps it stopped. So mild, fragrant

Dial Soap keeps you fresh and nice to be around all day!



DIAL Soap stops odor before it starts!

For fun and laughs watch *Pride of the Family* and *Your Show of Shows* on TV every week.

P.S.
Shampoo a Diamond Sparkle into your hair with new Dial Shampoo.



How to Perfume and Smooth Your Body with New Cologne Foam

by Helena Rubinstein



BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE: Madame Helena Rubinstein, world leading beauty authority, who has pioneered thousands of ways to make a woman look younger and more beautiful, knows that fragrance is of the utmost importance to complete a woman's loveliness. In laboratories the world over, and in her flower farms in southern France, she has devoted herself to studying the secrets of fragrance. Now, she combines her unique knowledge of perfumery with her life-long beauty experience to bring you a completely new way to use fragrance. Who could work such wonders!

Perfume should not be just a dab here and there, but an all-over atmosphere. And it is possible with **Cologne Foam**. This fabulous new fragrance discovery looks like clouds of whipped cream, and feels like softest ermine on your skin. Cologne Foam is the first body cologne to make fragrance a living, breathing part of you.

Smooths As It Perfumes

Creamy Cologne Foam will keep you deliciously scented all day—longer than many expensive perfumes. It is also a skin softener, a whipped cream rich with beauty balms and marvelous emollients that give every inch of your body satin-softness.

How To Take a Fragrant Shower

To make your showers gloriously fragrant and glamorous, choose one of the Helena Rubinstein scented soaps. They foam into a mild,

creamy suds that cleanse your skin thoroughly. And the luxurious-feeling lather perfumes you as it pampers. 3 cakes, 1.25.

After toweling dry, fluff a handful of Cologne Foam into your palm. Smooth it down your arms, on your elbows, legs, heels and ankles and onto your shoulders and back—all over. Both scent and softness last and last. The spill-proof dispenser holds enough for months, costs only 2.75.

Choose Your Fragrance

You can have both these luxuries in the Helena Rubinstein fragrance you love best. Sparkling, sophisticated "Command Performance"; flowery, dreamy "Heaven Sent"; romantic "White Magnolia"; or fresh, sunny "Apple Blossom Time." These famous fragrances are available in perfume, too. Helena Rubinstein, Inc., 655 Fifth Ave., New York 22. **Plus Fed. Tax.*

TAX CHISELERS, BEWARE!

Continued from page twenty-four

patients who entered. A physician who charges \$3 a visit, and has been observed receiving as many as 25 patients a day several times a week, had a difficult time showing a gross income of \$9,000 a year.

Swindling surgeons, even though they are a minority in their profession, are also grist for the tax sleuth's mill. They may be investigated as the result of a tip by a rival colleague, a jilted spouse or a disgruntled former employee, like a doctor who has fired.

The agent assigned to check on the accuracy of Dr. X's return doesn't do any fancy sleuthing. His routine is to find out from the local medical society the names of the various hospitals with which Dr. X is affiliated. The agent then obtains a list of the operations the surgeon has performed at each hospital during the year, also the names of the patients. Simple legwork does the rest. The agent interviews each patient, asks how much was paid for the operation, whether by check or cash, and tabulates the different sums.

If there is a glaring discrepancy between the total compiled by the agent and the gross income reported by the doctor, the government will charge fraud. He may end up with a stiff fine, a term in jail, and disbarment from his profession.

Divorce Tip-offs

The vigilance of the collectors extends to places and subjects of a surprising variety. They keep an eye on the newspapers, and one of their favorite reading relates to divorces and robberies.

A woman seeking alimony usually tries to place her husband's income in the highest possible bracket and will often reveal hidden cash reserves. And in cases where robbers got several thousand dollars from a sugar bowl or a shoe box it is often interesting to ask the victim what he was doing with that much cash.

Today, thanks to the dragnet tactics of our Treasury watchdogs, a tax-evader with a huge hoard of cash to spend finds himself in the same position as a kidnaper with a bundle of money. Every time he tries to dispose of his illicit profits he is flitting with handcuffs.

For example, if he buys a house, any deal involving a cash down payment will attract the attention of the Treasury agents. Deeds must be recorded even if the financial operations leading up to it are hidden in a maze of double bookkeeping.

What To Do With It?

DARE our man buy stocks or bonds? Again he is risking discovery. Investment bankers, securities and commodities brokers, building and loan associations must co-operate with the law by reporting cash transactions.

Buy jewels, minks or other expensive baubles? No reputable jeweler or fur house will sell their products for cash without a sales slip. And a sales slip once again is a record that the tax agent can trace to the hot man.

Purchase government E bonds? That may be a patriotic gesture, but it won't protect him from the tax sleuths. A tax agent can find out how many bonds you own quicker than you can yell "Uncle Sam."

Keep it hidden? The money does no one any good. Eventually, if the party who hides it dies, the money is willed to someone and a will is a legal record. It's too late for the revenue to ask questions.

Citizens who are conscientious about paying their taxes often wonder, when they hear gossip about "beating the tax," if they are being played for suckers. They stop fretting. Expert observers have come to the conclusion that the only safe way to beat the tax man is to be a hermit who makes a gold mine in the desert and buries the gold as he digs it up. *The End*

For HEADACHE HELP Take Alka-Seltzer



Get That
FEEL BETTER FEELING

Fast! Tests prove the seven absorb more of the pain-reducer faster from Alka-Seltzer.
FIRST AID for ACID INDIGESTION COLD DISCOMFORTS

MILES LABORATORIES, INC., ELKHART, IND.

Mrs. Tommy Dorsey Says Blue Bonnet Is Her Favorite Hit!



Greenwich, Conn.—As you might expect, this charming housewife has a favorite orchestra leader. But she very definitely has a favorite **BLUE BONNET**, too! "BLUE BONNET" is immediately—not only because of its flavor, but because I know it's nutritionally better," she says. Yes, millions are discovering **BLUE BONNET** is better nutritionally, especially where children are concerned... and they love it, too! Unlike most other margarines, golden **BLUE BONNET** contains both vitamins A and D. **BLUE BONNET** gives you all 3: Flavor, Nutrition and Economy!

FAVORITE!



For a trick well done, reward him with nutritious

MILK-BONE
Dog Biscuits.



Blount Company,
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Send me free MILK-BONE sample Also Booklet: "How to Care for and Feed Your Dog." (Paste coupon on postcard if you wish.)

Name _____

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Sexton Quality Foods

Blended of choice Indian, Ceylon and rare Darjeelings, every bag of Sherman Luxury Tea recalls Emerson's words: "there is a great deal of poetry and fine sentiment in a chest of tea."

Sexton Sherman Luxury Tea is the choice of your favorite eating place. It can be yours, too, through the better independent grocers.



John Sexton & Co., Sexton Square, Chicago, Ill.



HOW
America
EATS



PRETZEL KABOB: A treat for a teen-age party

SUPPER ON A STICK



Miss Paddleford

PRETZELS are going straight — figuratively speaking, out of beer halls and into society. The pretzel bakers of the nation decided what's good enough for papa is good enough for mama and the children too. So the pretzel is being made into glamorized shapes. It comes in big twists, the usual; now in tiny twists fragile as fine china. Buy the big logs or the little sticks. Pretzels come short-short, fat ■ your thumb.

Pretzels come to new uses: finely rolled they make ■ crumb crust for a pie. Dip pretzel sticks into melted cheese, sprinkle with dill, caraway or celery seeds — an appetizer original. Eat pretzel sundaes — crumble pretzels and mix with thick chocolate sauce.

The pretzel has ■ proud history. It originated in the monasteries of southern Europe, the word itself stemming from the Latin "pretiola" meaning small reward. Pretzels ■■ given to children by the monks as ■ treat for learning their prayers, the twist represents the folded arms.

A treat for the teen-age party gang is this pretzel kabob: take a large pretzel stick to use ■ a skewer. With ■ sharp pointed knife cut a small round hole in 4 slices of American cheese, in 4 slices of salami, 2 slices of bologna. Press out center ring of 1 thick slice of onion. Thread cheese, salami, bologna and onion ring on stick — two kabobs for each guest.

★ ★ ★

MISS SUE, beloved caters of Winchester, Va., ■■ recipes for homespun specialties next week.

Christina Paddleford

STRING cheese, meats, onion ■ fat pretzel



MRS. EDWARD SITTLER

5831 WEST END AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.



says:

"I give my children the high-protein benefits of HOT QUAKER OATS these 3 easy ways!"



Quaker and Mother's
Oats use the
■ fine oatmeal.



**Mother's! Take a tip
from these strong, healthy
Sittler children**

Give your whole family delicious, high-protein Quaker Oats every morning. It cooks in only 2½ minutes. Remember, the trend is to high-protein foods like Quaker Oats because it helps you keep fit — not fat!

1 "STRAWBERRY JAM OATMEAL is ■ handy as the jam jar," says attractive, capable Mrs. Sittler. "My youngsters eat it up — and get all the good high-protein of Quaker Oats in every spoonful!"

■ CEREAL FOR GROWING CHILDREN. Doctors say the more often youngsters eat ■ good oatmeal breakfast, the better they grow.

2 "CANDY OATMEAL is another high-protein breakfast my children beg for," reveals Mrs. Sittler. "I just put a few chocolate chips or a spoonful of brown sugar ■ each serving of creamy-delicious Quaker Oats."

■ QUICK-TO-YOUR-RIBS BREAKFAST. There's more stamina, more muscular nourishment in oatmeal than in any other whole-grain cereal! So get Quaker Oats at your store today!

3 "RAISIN OATMEAL gives my children the wonderful high-protein of Quaker Oats in a way they love! And all I do is stir ½ cup of raisins into the boiling water before adding Quaker Oats. Then I cook it as usual."

QUAKER OATS

THE GIANT OF THE CEREALS

DIET NOTE FOR ADULTS: High-protein foods for breakfast include meat, milk, eggs, and Quaker Oats.



Never sick enough to stay in bed yet **never** really well. The **GRAY SICKNESS** keeps millions pale, tired and weak... never able to enjoy life to the full!

*Iron deficiency anemia has been aptly called the **GRAY SICKNESS**. Not only because its victims have lost their **healthy** color, but also because life itself has become gray and drab for them. For you simply can't enjoy work or play when you have to drag through day after weary day feeling tired, weak and listless. And sleep doesn't seem to refresh you for you wake up tired. The **GRAY SICKNESS** means your blood isn't getting enough iron. It becomes weak, thin, washed-out... just can't supply your body with the full supply of oxygen **needs** for buoyant health and radiant color. Signs of the **GRAY SICKNESS** may be due to either **or** so you should **your** doctor regularly.

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SIGNS OF THE GRAY SICKNESS

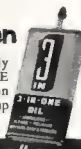
- ☐ PALOR ☐ WEAKNESS
- ☐ TIREDNESS ☐ NERVOUSNESS
- ☐ LOSS OF APPETITE
- ☐ FREQUENT HEADACHES
- ☐ LOSS OF **ENERGY**

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SHE TRIED TO MAKE HER MAN BEHAVE

Continued from page eleven

sleeve. Walter **always** immaculate. Joanne suspected that he wouldn't have been caught dead in one of Barney's beloved patched shirts.

"Don't you fret, dear," Walter said, smiling at her as he dabbed at the stains with a paper napkin.

Martha got up, however, and Joanne heard her talk to Ruth Shubley about a spot remover. Then the three of them went off to the bathroom. Ruth came back alone, smiling, saying, "Aren't they the sweetest things? She's in there trying to get those spots out."

Joanne suddenly recalled an effective home-grown remedy for removing tomato stains while they were fresh, so she got up quickly and went out of the living room and down the carpeted hallway to tell Martha about it. Her steps were quick and light and soundless. She **eight** feet from the open bathroom door when she heard Walter's voice, low and deadly and vicious, saying, "You clumsy fool! Of all the messy, sloppy, careless things you manage to do —"

Martha's voice **over** his with the same rasp of hate **Joanne** stopped abruptly, barely in time. "You incredible louse," she said. "Always blaming **for** your stupidity. Now shut up and hold still." Joanne turned and fled silently, running from those dreadful voices, running from the destruction of a myth, shocked and oddly embarrassed. People couldn't talk to each other that way. It was the death of love and the end of all personal dignity.

SHE returned numbly to her chair, realizing the true and monstrous hoax the Furgesons had perpetrated to advertise their life together **the** perfection any marriage could achieve under the wise counseling they were in the business of provid-

ing. Joanne felt slightly ill. . .

Barney managed one more era of attentiveness before it **time** to leave. Joanne was not very aware of his attentions. She was too shocked by the Furgesons sitting as before, smiling, warmly solicitous of each other, hands again entwined and half concealed. Joanne was glad to leave. . .

THEY walked slowly, and Joanne walked with her head bent, scuffing her heels, thoughtful.

Barney sighed. "I need **practice**. I kept forgetting. I'll do better next time."

They were in a dark place. Her voice sounded soft and broken as she said his name.

"Hey, I wasn't that bad, **is** it?"

"Hold me, Barney. Just hold **me** tight." They were near their house. He held her closely, her forehead fitting into its safe and warm place under his chin.

"What's the matter, darling?" he whispered. It was a sane, known voice. The voice of love and concern.

"I was just . . . scared of **lot** of things all of **sudden**. Scared of pretending. Let's not ever pretend, Barney. Please?"

"Pretend what?"

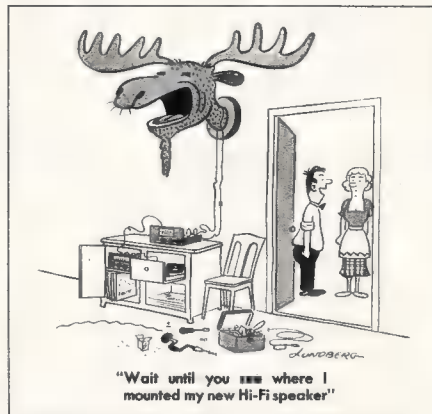
"Never pretend you love me if you don't."

"Jo, you **truly** a strange character. I love you."

She knew she would tell him, some time, about the Furgesons. But not yet. Not while there **things** to think out and sort out in her mind.

So she whirled out of his **and** said, "Race you home, Buster."

And she won, because she had a start and because she was running as fast as she could, and maybe because she had red hair, and probably because she felt, all at once, very much alive and loved. *The End*



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TODAY'S EXPERT: "Remember, it's his problem"

TAKE IT EASY

by James T. Farrell

AUTHOR OF "STUDS LONIGAN" AND "THE FACE OF TIME"

If you run into someone with a big chip on his shoulder, here's how to stay out of trouble

SOMETIMES at a cocktail party or other gathering, someone whom you've never seen will, on being introduced to you, become insulting, hostile, disturbingly unfriendly. Maybe it has never happened to you and never will, but it has happened to me. When I was younger, such episodes would disturb and upset me. We all want to be liked.

One day, when this happened to me at a party, I had the most simple and obvious thought. I told myself that I did not know the person who was insulting me. I never saw him before. He had grounds neither for liking nor for disliking me.

If I was a person with weakness, with bad character, with grounds for being seriously criticized, this was all irrelevant to the hostile stranger who was insulting me. He did not know me and had never seen me before in his life. Realizing this, I relaxed and instead of striking back at him, I remarked that all that he was saying to me was his problem, not mine.

THAT one word "problem" is, I think, the key to it all. When a stranger wants to pick a fight with you, you are merely an accessory to some need that is eating at him internally. He wants to prove something to him-

self, or else he wants to make some exhibition of himself for purposes of his own ego.

When you encounter such a person, the thing to do is—nothing. Don't become emotional. Do not feel that your manhood and your courage are threatened. In other words, do not allow another man's concern for his own courage to become yours. Talk neutrally and calmly, and don't look him directly in the eye in a challenging manner.

A PERSON who fights with or insults strangers is trying to escape from his own problems. Besides the fact that it is sensible and civilized not to become embroiled with him, it is often an act of kindness to a belligerent stranger not to fight with him. By not allowing him to trap you in the emotional network of his problems and confusions, you are helping him to face himself and

try to get at whatever is eating him. And this is better than allowing him to escape from his own self-contempt by fighting. Don't be fooled by the compulsive folly of a man you don't know and who plays no role in your life.

There should be a difference between courageous action and folly. We all need courage to face our own problems and meet our own obligations. We should apply our courage to these.

MARY JANE WARD, author of "The Snake Pit," tells how not to make a mentally ill person's problems worse. See next week's column.

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HOW TO UNDERSTAND A TEEN-AGER

Continued from page fourteen

spent listening to radio and watching TV is also greatly reduced. Western programs are out.

Thirteen isn't the age to work up an intimate relation with a child. And wise parents don't pry into their youngsters' secrets then. It's smart to "keep out" at this age when they don't want you. "If you try to follow them too far in their retirement, the 13-year-old may build up a resentment against you."

One sophisticated 13-year-old girl remarked, "I already wear stockings and lipstick so there really isn't too much left for me to experience."

The 14-Year-Old

At about 14, the child's prevailing mood again changes perceptibly. The youngster is outgoing once more and there is marked improvement.

Now greatly concerned with their personalities, the appetites of 14-year-olds for experiences are insatiable. These teen-agers tend to be all over the place and every place at once. Bursting with enthusiasm for school activities, intellectual problems and great causes, they can hardly find time to do the things they want. Their schedules keep them busy from morning to midnight. Now becoming adjusted to our culture, they want responsibility but aren't quite ready for it. They are often uncomfortable with grown-ups because they are neither grown-up themselves nor entirely children.

If you have a 14-year-old, you may expect your child to display a variety of gestures such as waving arms, swinging legs, shouting and just plain getting in everybody's way. Fourteen-year-old girls, at least by their own account, conform better than boys.

Very few appreciate their parents at this age. Your jokes are dismissed as terrible, the family car is appraised as a rattle trap and both of you are considered hopelessly old-fashioned. Moreover, these teen-agers are obsessed with the idea that they don't have the privileges of other boys and girls of their age. Fourteen-year-olds are also beginning to depart from parental standards in deciding what is right and wrong. And they are now evaluating you objectively.

And something to bear in mind: part of their criticism is probably justified. It's a good time to check up on yourself!

The 15-Year-Old

The teen-ager is now becoming neater especially where clothes are concerned.

But 15 is the age period when your child is farthest away from you. Your son can look you straight in the eye and ask: "Were you talking to me?" Your daughter can sit in the same room and yet be absent. When boys and girls of this age speak, it's frequently to argue with their parents, teachers or other 15-year-olds. "Nearly all children are more argumentative at fifteen than during the preceding years."

What can parents do at this somewhat negative age? "Don't ask too many questions, appear disinterested and refrain from offering advice unless it is asked for." This 15-year-old behavior is all perfectly natural and — yes — just a passing phase. Another year will make quite a difference.

The 16-Year-Old

"Sweet Sixteen" isn't just hearsay, in the opinion of the Gesell investigators. "Things are much smoother at this age."

Many turbulent teen-age problems are then resolved. Your child usually returns to

the warm family circle then and is on the road to becoming a well-adjusted adult. The 16-year-old boy and girl may even lavish respect and affection on their parents.

Not only parents but the 16-year-olds themselves — especially girls — are now conscious of the great improvement in their attitudes. Typical was a 16-year-old girl who confessed, "I didn't treat my mother very well last year but we're getting on a lot better now."

Yet because they are still immature in judgment, 16-year-olds shouldn't be given too much responsibility.

Why do these year-to-year adolescent swings take place? "That's one of the great mysteries of growth," explains psychologist Louise Bates Ames, the Gesell Institute's dynamic director of research. "Science hasn't answered this important question yet but has just begun to describe it."

Of course, the swings needn't be as violent as the preceding 10-16 chart sometimes implies. But, surprisingly, well-balanced and "superior" adolescents often show the swings more definitely. By contrast, in many inarticulate adolescents of different endowment, these behavior changes may be hardly noticeable.

All of the Gesell scientists' findings didn't come out of their laboratories. They supplemented their studies by observing their own children in action. Dr. Gesell has a married son and daughter and five grandchildren — four of whom are adolescents.

"Parents always seem to be relieved when they find out we have children of our own," laughs Dr. Ames, who with Dr. Ilg now writes a sprightly child-behavior newspaper column. Dr. Ilg's 16-year-old daughter once complained to her, "You understand me *too much*, Mother!"

Four Points for Parents

HERE are four constructive conclusions emerging from the Gesell adolescent study:

1. Even in happy, well-adjusted families, there exists greater rebellion against mothers than against fathers, especially by teen-age sons. This means that fathers have a greater opportunity to help, and therefore greater responsibility toward their adolescents' well-being than they generally realize.

2. It doesn't help much to combat a teen-age craze at its height. It's wiser for a parent to wait until the craze calms down.

3. Parents shouldn't think of adolescent ages simply in terms of "good" and "bad." They should try to understand them in terms of growth. Adolescent growth doesn't run in a straight line; it shuttles back and forth. If fathers and mothers know in advance something of what to expect in trends and stages, they won't blame or punish their children unwisely, or feel they're losing their grip as parents.

One of the commonest mistakes parents make is expecting too much. The Gesell Institute's new adolescent study is actually a sort of road map showing parents roughly what to expect and when to expect it. If you're familiar with the main highways, side roads, detours, ups and downs, and approximate distances, it will help you travel on the bumpy parental route more comfortably — and more helpfully.

4. Children reared from the pre-school years in an atmosphere of good will and courtesy are likely to become reasonable adults. If given a decent chance to maintain their self-respect as adolescents, they are also apt to become good citizens. *The End*

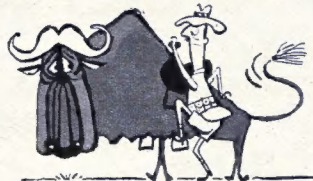
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